

PONOKA HERALD

EUGENE RHIAN, Editor and Proprietor.

—A PROGRESSIVE PAPER IN A PROGRESSIVE TOWN.—

Subscription \$1.00 per year

VOLUME III.

PONOKA, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19 1902

NUMBER 16.

Money to Loan! Money to Loan! On Town or Farm Property.

We can give you a STRAIGHT loan on town or farm property. Terms to suit borrower. No shares. Low interest. When you want a loan call on or write to

Real Estate,
Loaning,
Fire and Life Insurance.

J. D. SKINNER,
Lacombe.

Photographs

I wish to inform the people of Ponoka and vicinity that I am now ready for business and solicit their Christmas patronage.

Remember

After Dec. 31 the prices of all pictures will be advanced.

...W. J. Milne.

Our Christmas Silverware.

Will be in stock next week. Watch our advertising space.

H. McDERMOTT



A choice lot of—

Xmas..

Candy,
Apples,
Oranges

Just arrived from the east.

—First shipment in town of—

Japanese Oranges.

Selling at...

Only \$1.25 per Box.

Get one while they last.

Fancy Stock of Groceries.

Another Car Flour Just Arrived.

Satisfaction
Guaranteed.

F. E. ALGAR & CO.

On Trail of Cashel.

The mounted police are still in pursuit of Cashel, the young man who while under arrest jumped through a car window and escaped. Corporal Pennycuik is in pursuit. He is a very active man and achieved considerable notoriety by working up the case against the Yukon murderer, O'Brien.—Albertan.

Fined for Wife Beating.

On Tuesday last Fred D. Warren was arraigned before Justices C. D. Algar and A. C. Hare on the charge of assault upon his wife, Mary D. Warren. After hearing the evidence of Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Wm. Cottle for the prosecution and the defendant and two children, George and Maud, for the defense the accused was fined \$10 and costs amounting in all to \$21.75.

Village Election No. 2.

Notices are posted for another election of village overseer next Tuesday evening. This is caused by Mr Trimble the overseer-elect, failing to qualify within the five days required by the Village Ordinance. Elections are good things to keep the people interested in public matters and Ponoka is always alert to the public welfare.

The March of Civilization.

Rev. John McDougall returned last night from the north. In his many years of missionary work in this country Mr. McDougall has gone into Edmonton in worn out moccasins, in buckboards, Red River chariots, snow shoes, dog trains, hurricane decks of kayuses and many other ways, but the first time he ever rode in on a train was the night before last. Mr. McDougall said it was a pleasant surprise.—Calgary Herald.

Membership-Christic.

The fine farm residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Christie, four miles southeast of Ponoka was the scene of a very pretty home wedding last Monday at 11 o'clock a. m., at which time their daughter, Louise, was given in marriage to G. G. Membry, M. D., of Innisfail. The ceremony was private, only members of the family being present with the exception of Dr. A. A. Drinnan, of the village, who assisted the groom. Rev. Perry performed the nuptial ceremony in his usual pleasing style.

The bride is well known to the residents of the Ponoka district as an accomplished young lady and has a large circle of friends who join with us in extending to the happy couple their best wishes. The groom was for awhile associated with Dr. Drinnan here but is now located at Innisfail where he expects to reside.

They took the evening train for a few days outing at Edmonton.

Village Overseer's Report.

The annual report of the village overseer discloses the following information regarding the village affairs.

RECEIPTS.	
Taxes.....	\$780.50.
Licenses.....	12.00.
Total Receipts.....	\$ 92. 0.
EXPENDITURES.	
Debt of 1901:	
Overseer's Salary.....	\$45.03.
Sidewalk built in 1901....	148.74.
Auditor & Returning officer	8.00.
Printing.....	1.50.
Sidewalks and culverts....	307.27.
St. eets and culverts.....	107.60.
Pest house and stove.....	17.85.
Small Pox cases.....	2.00.
Overseer's salary.....	85.00.
Printing and advertising....	25.40.
Auditor and Returning officer	8 00.
Total Expenditure.....	756.39
Material now on hand.....	\$36.11.
Amount of taxes still unpaid	9.50.
The village enters the new year free of debt and with \$36.11 worth of material for walks now on hand.	

It's Coming!

Christmas Fairley's--

Headquarters for
Santa Claus

Confectionery

We have a full line at prices to suit everybody from the ordinary Sugar Candy to the fancy and dainty novelties. Special prices in large quantities for Xmas entertainments.

Fancy China.

Berry Setts, Bread and Butter Plates, Mustach Cups and Saucers, Fancy Cups and Saucers, Cabarets, Cream and Sugars, etc. etc. A most sumptuous variety of dainty and pretty colorings, with rich floral designs.

Shoe Dept.

We have a host of good, sensible, and serviceable Xmas presents, for men, women and children.—Just what you want and at prices that will please you. Handkerchiefs, Gloves and Mufflers—the finest line in town to choose from.

Come early and pick out
Your Holiday Gifts at

FAIRLEY'S

Hardware..

SPACKMAN

—Is Leader in—

Shelf and Heavy Hardware.

All kinds of—

Tin and Galvanized Iron
Work on Shortest Notice.

New Line of Coal Stoves and
Washing Machines.

Will let them out on trial.

W. H. Spackman.

Merry Christmas To all Users of McClary's Stoves.

FEED GRINDING

Done on Short Notice.

We have just added a new
Feed Grinder and are now
prepared to do all kinds of
grinding.



Loewen & Co.

THE HERALD.

Published at Ponoka, Alberta, every Friday morning.

EUGENE RHIAN, Proprietor.
All bills rendered the 1st of the month.
Subscription \$1.00 in advance.

All communications intended for publication in the current issue should reach this office the preceding Tuesday. Correspondence from surrounding country earnestly solicited. Advertising rates on application.

DIRECTORY.

Village.
Overser: W. R. Courtright,
Secretary—Eugene Rhian.
School Board—
Cook Myer, Chairman.
A. L. Ball.
F. M. Lee.
School Treasurer—W. R. Courtright.

Ponoka Postoffice.

Mails going south close at 10:40 a. m.
north " " 2:30 p. m.
Money order issued to all parts of Canada and the United States. Postal Notes payable at any office in Canada.
Office hours from 8 a. m. to 7 p. m.
F. E. ALGAR, P. M.

C. & E. Time Table.

GOING NORTH
Passenger—
Arrives at Ponoka . . . 14:50 p. m.
Freight leaves Calgary at . . . 6:00 a. m.

GOING SOUTH
Passenger—
Arrives at Ponoka . . . 11:10 a. m.
Freight leaves Edmonton at 7:00 a. m.
All trains Daily except Sunday.

CHURCHES.

PRESBYTERIAN. Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. alternating every Sunday. Sabbath school at 10:30 a. m. Christian Endeavor at 8:00 p. m. Wednesday evenings. All cordially invited. J. A. MAIR, Pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH. Services at 11:00 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. alternating every Sunday. Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Prayer meeting 8:00 p. m. on Friday evenings. The public cordially invited.
THOS. P. PERRY, Pastor.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND. Services held first and third Sunday in each month at 2:00 p. m.

ROMAN CATHOLIC. Services in the school house at 10:30 on the first Sunday in each month.

PROFESSIONAL.

ALBERT E. SAGE
UNDERTAKER.
Full stock of Coffins and Caskets.
PONOKA ALBERTA

ANGUS A. DRINNAN.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office over McKinnell's Drug Store.
50 per cent extra for night calls.
PONOKA ALBERTA.

FRATERNAL.

CANADIAN ORDER OF FORESTERS. Meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month at 8:00 p. m. A cordial invitation to all visiting members.
WILLIAM M. JONES,
EUGENE RHIAN, Chief Ranger,
R. S. & F. S.

K. O. T. M.—Ponoka Tent No. 17. All Sir Knights who are strangers in the village willingly given fraternal assistance.
W. N. TRIMBLE, Com.
EUGENE RHIAN, F. & R. K.

W. D. PITCAIRN

**Notary Public,
Conveyancer,
Auctioneer.**
Naturalization Papers
including Registration . . . \$2.00.
Money to loan on improved town and farm property.
No Delay. Terms Reasonable.
CHIPMAN AVENUE.
Ponoka Alberta.

JOHN C. RATHBUN.

Carpenter.. AND ..Builder.

Will contract for Complete Building or work by day.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED. PRICES RIGHT.
WORK GUARANTEED.

Enquire of A. REID or address me at Ponoka, Alberta

Local and General

Wood wanted.—W. G. MERKLEY.
J. P. Vincent left for Michigan yesterday.

A good Singer sewing machine for sale at this office.

F. C. Case hastily took the train for Iowa Friday morning in response to a telegram stating that his mother was on the point of death.

Rev. C. C. McLauren, Baptist missionary, preached to a fair-sized audience in the school hall Friday night. He is an able speaker and his discourse was well appreciated.

Mrs. A. C. Hare and children left Tuesday for a two-month's visit at their former home at McLeod. A. C. is in the meantime making his home with his brother.

Alfred Hare, a brother of A. C. Hare, arrived about three weeks ago and is now attending to household duties on the same section with A. C. He comes from Ignace Ontario.

A. L. Ball has rented the old log building of Algar & Co. where he is prepared to store all kinds of meat, poultry etc. that the farmers have to dispose of, for which he pays the top price in cash.

Mr. and Mrs. Cook Myer returned last Friday from their visit to their old homes in the States. They enjoyed a most pleasant trip but like all true Albertans are glad to get back to their favored land.

A newsy letter from S. A. Robinson conveys the knowledge that he is holding down his homestead in the sage brush country of Douglas county, Wash. Sy wishes to be remembered to all his old friends here.

Martha Pihowiak was thrown from her pony just as she arrived in the village Monday. Her foot caught in the stirrup after falling and she was dragged for some distance by the frightened pony. Fortunately, though almost miraculously, she was but slightly injured.

The debate at the East Side school house last Friday night on the question of "Resolved that Alberta offers more inducements to the poor man than the United States" was decided in favor of Alberta. To one who has witnessed the inducements and possibilities afforded the poor man in either place and who will judge with an unbiased mind argument is unnecessary to determine the relative merits of the two places represented by this question. Time was when the western states of the United States offered great opportunities to the poorer class but where today in the States can be found the natural resources for the same progress as can be made by the man of moderate means as are afforded in western Canada?

Williams-Coleman.

At the Methodist parsonage Wednesday evening Dec. 17, occurred the marriage of Mr. Herbert R. Williams and Miss Maud Coleman, Rev. Perry officiating. They will reside in the village. Their numerous friends extend the usual congratulations and good wishes.

Auction Sale.

I will sell at my place on the south 1/2-21-42-23, six miles southwest of Ponoka, and four miles northwest of Morningside, on Monday, Dec. 22, beginning at 12 o'clock noon the following property, to wit:
Three head of good work horses, 7 head of milch cows 4 to 7 years old, all in calf; 1 yearling heifer in calf; 1 grade Polled Angus bull, 3 years old; 1 calf, 3 months old.
1 McCormick binder, 1 McCormick mower, 1 farm wagon, 1 bob sleigh, 1 John Deere Sulky plow, 1 breaking plow, 1 stubble plow, 1 Buffalo forge and set of blacksmith tools. Small tools and implements of all kinds, 1 straw stack.
Household goods of all kinds.
Terms cash.
B. C. Groat, J. S. Bear,
Auctioneer. Owner.

Correspondence.

Urquhart:
G. A. Meadows has built a large granary and barn this fall which gives him plenty of room for stock and grain.

Threshing the past week has been very cold work and the farmers in this vicinity have decided to be a little earlier with their work in future.

We learn with regret that Mr. Jones has lately lost one of his horses from Swamp fever. It was a fine animal and the loss will fall heavily on Jim as it leaves him with only one horse. He has the sympathy of all the neighbors.

The loss of so many horses with Swamp fever is causing the farmers to look more towards the ox as a work animal as cattle don't seem to be effected by that disease.

Mr. Longstreet and Mr. McMellen have each lost a horse with Swamp fever which makes two for the former this year.

Lee Forcht and Dougal Henry are working in the woods in B. C. this winter.

Jake Zulke started last Friday for Pigeon Lake to work for Rowley. Mr. Zulke and Anby Anderson went last week.

Palmer Bros. quit threshing the first of last week and went home until the weather got milder. We don't blame them a bit.

Hay is disappearing very fast these days and the farmers are beginning to wonder if it will hold out until spring.

A twice a week mail is very much needed from Lacombe to Buffalo lake as there is a very large mail to go every week, and if the mail train happens to be a little late our mail lies in Lacombe until the next week. Wonder if it would be any use to try for better mail service.

Pigeon Creek:

What might have resulted more seriously but fortunately resulted only in the loss of a good horse occurred at the lake last Friday. A team and heavily loaded sleigh belonging to John Handly broke through the ice and only by the heroic efforts of the men present one horse and the driver was saved. The water where the accident occurred was nearly 100 feet deep. The heavy saw mill engine had crossed on the ice in the same place a short time before and it is thought cracked the ice.

Fishing season is now open and a large number are being taken from the lake.

A school district to be known as the Pigeon Creek district is in course of organization. And thus are we reminded of the rapid advance of civilization in these parts. Where but a short time ago were only the Indian and wild animals may today be seen in comfort the farm houses and well patronized school houses.

Query—What brings 'Reddy' across the Battle River so frequently of late?

Peter Cooper is erecting a residence. Hugh Miller left this week for a visit to his old home in Ontario for a couple of months.

Everything is progressing nicely at the Rowley lumber camp. Fifty men and ten teams are employed. The mill is now in operation and is daily converting the rough logs into lumber.

W. D. PITCAIRN Real Estate Agt.

Has the following
Choice Properties:
FOR SALE.
1/2 sec. 22, 42, 23, per acre . . \$7
nw 1/2 2, 42, 25, per acre . . . \$5
E 1/2 7, & nw 1/2 8 42, 20, acre \$7.50
Several lots in Morning side.
Good house and lot, Chipman avenue. \$400.
5 lots, Smith avenue. \$450.
A1 lot, Smith avenue. \$200.
Lot with good bldg. Railway street \$450
nw 1/2 27 42 22, impts. per A \$6.50 (half cash.)
Imp. farm 10 m Lacombe \$1000.

TO RENT.
2 good Farms close to town.
Several small dwellings in town.

AGENTS
London Assurance Co.
Manitoba Assurance Co.
Canadian Fire Ins. Co.

Flour, Bran, Shorts and Chops.

To Be in Stock Dec. 20.
READ THE PRICES:
Shorts \$1.00. Wheat Chops \$1.10.
Bran 90c. Flour accordingly.
These are prices at Ponoka. If wanted at store add cost of hauling. I also have some Dry Goods that must go at these prices—Mole skin pants 90c and \$1; Tweed pants \$1.25. Suits \$4.75.

Oats Wanted

Will Pay 25c per Bushel.
...W. J. EARL.

J. G. Armstrong & Co. BANKERS.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
FARM LOANS AND INSURANCE.

PONOKA, - - - - - ALBERTA.

...HENRY HERTZ... —DEALER IN— Wholesale -:- Liquors. A Fine Line of Liquors at wholesale. Cigar Tobacco, Cigarettes, etc. at Retail. PONOKA, - - - - - ALTA.

THE ROYAL HOTEL ANDERSON & DEA, Proprietors. The bar is stocked with the choicest liquors and cigars. The cuisine is equal to the leading hotels in Alberta.

NEW ALBERTA HOUSE ADOLPH SHARY, Proprietor. The Popular Stopping Place for Landseekers. Ponoka, Alta.

STARKEY & CO. Guarantee their work In all lines of... General Blacksmithing Best Equipped Shop in the village. Years of Experience in our Line

Pioneer Barn. W. M. JONES, Prop. C. P. R. LAND GUIDE. Special attention to care of FARMERS' TEAMS. Promptness - always - our - Specialty.

Local and General.

The Weekly Round-Up of Items of Local and General Interest to Our Readers.

The snow is disappearing. A merry Christmas to all our readers.

Born-To Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Penck in Ponoka, a pair of twin girls, Wednesday, December 19.

Miss Dom Beck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Beck, arrived from British Columbia Tuesday.

Mrs. B. C. Great returned from Edmonton Wednesday. She is again enjoying her usual health.

Fred Harris has erected a temporary residence in the village where his children will reside while attending school.

Mrs. Fred Miller and child arrived Monday night from Edmonton, Ont., to join her husband who is located five miles east.

Three men were initiated in the K. O. T. M. last Thursday night. Another meeting is to be held on Saturday evening, Dec. 27.

Capt. D. F. Binkley returned Friday from his trip to the States. He was accompanied by his agent parents who will make their future home here.

The northbound train has been from one to eight days late the past ten days. Delays on the main line have been the cause of the lateness on the branch line.

The weather has moderated after the cold snap. A couple of weeks ago and now we can sympathize with our Eastern friends who are enjoying the rigors of real winter weather.

W. H. Cole who has here some few weeks ago and purchased the N. A. Witte farm, arrived Sunday night from Bedford, Iowa, with his family and car of effects. He is an uncle of the Cox brothers.

D. J. and P. L. Ellsworth, two brothers arrived from Denver, Colo., with a car of horses and effects. They are yet stopping in the village but expect to locate in Ponoka district during the winter.

An enjoyable dance was given at the home of N. Cassell in 37-27 Friday night, Dec. 30. About forty couples were present and report a good time. Music was furnished by Miss Cassell and E. M. Vold.

Joseph Stretch has just made his annual return as overseer of local improvement district No. 325. His district is in good financial standing and the amount of work done of the roads speaks well for Mr. Stretch's fitness for the position of overseer.

George P. Scowson has been hauling some fine grade wheat to the village this week of which he threshed over 350 bushels. His field averaged twenty bushels per acre and part of it was badly damaged by water. George also put in his grain 7130 bushels of good oats.

John Hersh arrived last Friday from Nebraska bringing with him a bride to share with him in the joys and sorrows of his Alberta home. Mrs. Hersh was formerly Miss Clara Luckmaster, and the wedding ceremony was performed on Nov. 29 after former home in Okla. City.

J. Regier and P. D. Loewen, of Hochstadt, Ill., spent a couple of days in Ponoka. Mr. Regier is an extensive owner in Manitoba and engaged in dairy farming, using cream separators and selling the cream to the creameries. He believes this the best and surest means to success for the settlers of Alberta.

Tyner Bros. were down from their ranch Wednesday. Charley has recently expended under direction of the deputy commissioner of public works 100 on the roads in their neighborhood. The work was put on the glass survey of the Pigeon lake and while \$100 is a mighty small amount to make much of a show with, a considerable grade and cutting was done.

Christmas next Thursday. How the months do speed by!

J. S. Ben's sale occurs next Monday. See bills for list of chattels.

Mrs. J. D. McGillivray leaves tomorrow for a visit at her home near Montreal.

W. S. Fisher and L. B. Matuchuk have been on the sick list the past week. Nothing serious in either case.

David Dick, a brother of James Dick whose home is at Port Angus, Wash., is expected here with a view of locating soon.

Bills are out for the New Year dance by the band boys. The boys are endeavoring to get the band in better shape, financial and deserve the assistance of the dancing public in this event.

Appropriate Christmas exercises will be held in a number of the country school houses. A good program will be rendered in the East Side district Christmas Eve likewise in the Witte district Christmas night.

John Robinson, of Edmonton, Ont., across of James Dick, returned home Monday after spending several weeks at Edmonton and other parts of Alberta. Mr. Robinson has spent a good deal of his time the past year looking over different parts of the States and Canada and has decided that Alberta presents the greatest inducements to the settler, consequently will return here with his family shortly.

H. Dick, overseer for the local improvement district in which Ponoka is situated, has made his annual report to the Deputy Commissioner of Public Works. The past year has witnessed some marked improvements in the roads by the overseer and his deputies, though there are yet some places which should have had attention, not the least of which is the main leg just west of the village, through which the road will soon be forced.

W. K. Schalk was down from the Blindman settlement Monday night, Tuesday and at present at least fifty families in this settlement who row make Lacombe their trading point but who would much rather come to Ponoka if they had a passable road opened. During the next few months it is safe to say the number of families will be increased to a hundred. Suppose each of these families spends in the course of a year only \$25. What is Ponoka losing by not taking some active measures towards securing for these people a road to town?

Markets.	
Wheat, per bu.	8.50.
Oats, "	.25.
Barley, "	.25.
Flour, per cwt.	82.00 to 2.25.
Clamp feed, per cwt.	1.00.
Beans, "	.50.
Shorts, "	1.00.
Butter, per lb.	.12.
Eggs, per doz.	.25.

Christmas Goods

JAPANESE GOODS, DRESSING CASES, PURSES, ALBUMS, PHOTO FRAMES, PEPPERMINTS, BIBLES, POETS.

FOUNTAIN PENS, FANCY PAPETERIES, WRITING MATERIALS, PICTURE BOOKS, GAMES, ROCKING HORSES, DOLLS, Toys and Novelties.

It will pay you to inspect our Stock before purchasing.

R. W. MCKINNELL,
Druggist & Stationer.

P. S.—We are agents for Mathers' famous 25c value of the north. See samples.

School Entertainment.

A school entertainment will be given in the Dakota school house Tuesday evening, Dec. 23rd. A good program will be rendered and the public is cordially invited.

Concert and Christmas Tree.

A concert and Christmas tree program will be given in the Witte school house four miles north of Ponoka Christmas night. The program will include recitations, dialogues and music, and a cantata, "A Good Time with Santa Claus". Everybody cordially invited.

Horses for Sale.

We have to announce that we have over forty head of good horses for sale, weighing from 900 to 1200 pounds. We have them both broken and unbroken and if you are in need of horses it will pay you to call on us. Here is a way be seen in Ponoka. Will sell for cash or on time.

J. W. O'BRIEN.

JOE DART.

Warning.

The party who stole a cross plank from the railway crossing at the Ponoka bridge a couple of days ago are hereby warned that if they would save themselves they must return the plank to the station at once. The offender is well known and prosecution will follow. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

C. STEERS.

Section Foreman

Christmas Tree.

A Christmas program will be rendered in the school hall on Christmas Eve. The program will include choruses, duets, quartets, solos, recitations, etc. Also a jolly play entitled "The Toys' Rebellion". Toys, children and Kris Kringle, lots of amusement. Come and enjoy a good laugh. Free to all.

E. C. PRICE.

Supt. Sunday School.

Money to loan on improved farms. Deferred payments taken up.

C. C. REED.

Highest Price

"Paid for."

FAT HOGS, BEEF CATTLE, STOCK CATTLE, Dressed Poultry.

I am now in a position to pay cash at Highest Market Price for any of above lines.

A. L. BAIL.

The Ponoka Meat Market.

Highest Price

FOR

FAT HOGS, BEEF CATTLE, STOCK CATTLE, CASE & FISHER, Props.

R. C. CARL.

FARMS.
80 to 512 per acre.

W. S. FISHER.

WILD LAND.
34.50 to 60 per acre.

CASE & FISHER

Real Estate Agents.

Property handled on commission. Farms and Wild Land for sale cheap. Every property for sale and rent handled and business attended to for non-residents. Correspondence solicited.

Several Farms to rent.

Several Good Houses for sale or rent.

LAND BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Reference: Money to Lend.

Any Bank in Vicinity.

MONEY TO LOAN.

JOHN McKENTY, representing The Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation.

The Best Company in America to do business with.

NO COMMISSIONS. NO DELAY. LEAST EXPENSE.

Communication invited.

JOHN McKENTY, Opposite McLeod's store, REAL ESTATE, Financial Broker, Lacombe, Alta.

NOTARY, CONVEYANCER.

DODDS BROS.

BUTHERS - AND - COMMISSION - MERCHANTS.

...Morningville, Alta...

Butter, Eggs, and Dressed Poultry Purchased at Highest Market Price.

Terms Strictly Cash.

W. R. Courtright & Son.

Lumber Dealers.

MOLINE FARM IMPLEMENTS

Also represent the WAWANESA MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

New House and Rates:
Newly Furnished \$1 and \$2 per day.

Hotel Leland

SELLARS & McCUE, Props.

Special Attention to Commercial Trade.

Ponoka, Alta.

The Bar is stocked with a Fine Stock of Liquors and Cigars.

John Simington

CARPENTER

AND

CONTRACTOR

...Fine Inside Work a Specialty...

Estimates Cheerfully Given.

...All Work Guaranteed.

CHIPMAN AVENUE, PONOKA.

A GIRL OF GRIT.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Copyright by R. F. Fenne & Co.

"He says he's Captain Wood. We have reason to believe he's not, not according to this"—the purser touched a printed list of passengers lying on the table—"or if he is the other must be an impostor. Ask him, sir, what proof he can give us that he is the real Simon Pure. Can he refer to any one on board who will bear out this monstrous assertion?"

"That's a good idea, Boffinge. Come, my man, what do you say? Can you do it?"

"Easily if I choose. There are two ladies who would bear me out, but I would rather not bring them into it. I am engaged to be married to one of them."

The captain grinned. This was rather against me—a fresh proof of lunacy.

"And a young fellow who is practically in my employ, although one of Saraband's people?"

"The New York detective agency? I've heard of them."

"And he may not care to have you know who he is."

"So that you can offer us no guarantees of your good faith, eh? Strikes me you're in a sinking condition and will soon be a complete wreck," sneered the captain. "The whole thing is ugly—your loafing round where you shouldn't, your unlawful possession of the papers which you make away with when tackled, your claiming another man's name. I don't like it, and I'll tell you what I mean to do with you, keep you a close prisoner till we make New York. There you can answer to the proper authorities. Meanwhile I'll stand the racket. I must look to the name and credit of my ship."

"Where shall I be imprisoned?"

"In a spare cabin the purser will find you. You shall have your meals and all attention, but you'll stay below under lock and key until Uncle Sam sends on board to fetch you after we're alongside the wharf."

"I protest and, as I have already said, will hold you responsible. You will be sorry!"

At this moment an urgent message came down to the captain from the bridge. The officer of the watch reported that the large steamer that had been overhauling the Chattahoochee for the last few hours was now within signaling distance.

"Signals sue wants to speak us, sir," said the fourth officer, who brought the message. "Can't make out her number, but she's a new man-of-war cruiser, British, and Mr. Aston says she must be steaming 23 knots an hour."

"She's after those papers, Captain Sherborne, unless I'm much mistaken."

I put in, with a little laugh of satisfaction. "Perhaps there will be some one on board who knows me."

The captain glared at me, but his eyes fell before my steady glance, and I could read his thoughts plainly; the growing doubts, the fear that he might be all in the wrong, the trouble that might come upon him if he misused me without clearer proof. Yet he carried it with a high hand to the last.

"I'll settle with you later, my fine fellow, and handsomely. You shan't bluff me."

"If I might suggest, Captain Sherborne, your place is on your bridge. I don't presume to teach you your duty, but a man is apt to forget it when he loses his temper and his self control. We can square our little matter later. But I warn you against using any violence. I may have friends in that ship astern!"

I could see fresh rage gathering in his face at my words, but he restrained himself, and with no more than a parting oath and an order to cast me loose he dondered out of the cabin.

I went on deck without further let or hindrance and took my situation by the fore companion. I was much interested in what went on around. Every one was excited at the approach of this splendid warship. The rumor that she had some business with us had already run like wildfire around, and it was strengthened by the many colored fluttering bunting with which she constantly signaled us. The excitement increased when orders were given to slow down. Any change in a steamer's progress always attracts attention on board, and our decks fore and aft were crowded with passengers. I could see those of the first class talking eagerly together, gesticulating and pointing to the warship. Many glasses were leveled at her, and I could gather that her interference with our voyage was not taken in good part. In these days of record passages across the "ocean ferry" the delay of even an hour is a serious matter.

Now the butcher of the Chattahoochee joined me where I stood, somewhat apart. He was an acquaintance through Roy, somewhat surly and uncommunicative, but I found him suddenly quite garrulous and friendly. He was an old man-of-war's man, and his spirit was stirred at the sight of the white ensign.

"It's grand, yon. Grand to see that iron kettle, 13,000 tons' displacement, riding triumphant like a wee birdie on the surface of the mighty waters. It means man's conquest of nature, science and knowledge and above all pluck. There's a sight, my man! The finest and newest cruiser afloat—H. M. S. Victrix!"

"You know her, then?"

"Aye, laddie. My own sister's third cousin is fourth engineer aboard, and I was all over her not a week syne when she lay in the Solent. She was under orders then for the China seas. Dell ha' me if I know what brings her into midatlantic."

"Some special order, I suppose?"

"War mayhap. These are fearsome times, laddie, and I read in the papers there was trouble brewing. What if she is sent to warn our shipping?"

"We shall soon know. See, she has lowered a boat, and we're going now under easy steam to take them on board."

The Victrix lay half a mile off, and her boat, looking like a cockleshell compared to her great bulk as it left her side, came bravely along. Lifted over the long Atlantic swell by the well cadenced stroke of 16 oars. In the stern was a group of three, and as they got within range of my glasses I saw that one was a naval officer, no doubt in command of the boat, and two other persons in plain clothes.

One was my colleague in the intelligence office, Swete Thornhill. The other—yes, there was no mistaking that rosy, scorbatic visage—the other was Snuyzer, the detective. I decided then and there what I should do. I saw that it was possible by acting promptly to tell Swete Thornhill all he knew and yet preserve my incognito. So I slipped down into the second saloon and wrote him half a dozen words.

Dear Swete—I got the papers and have thrown them overboard. Don't let on about me more than necessary, but make the skipper bring you and Snuyzer down here, forward, for a few words private talk in my own cabin or anywhere out of earshot with others. I have strong reason for still lying low. Yours, W. Wood.

I took this to the purser's cabin and was lucky enough to find him there poring over interminable and voluminous accounts of victualing. They interested him far more than what was going on above.

"You will oblige me by getting this into the captain's hands at once," I said very peremptorily. "It is for one of the gentlemen who are now close under our quarter in the man-of-war's boat."

He took the letter and read its superscription with some surprise, not to say alarm. It was: "On her majesty's service. To Major Swete Thornhill, D. S. O., R. A., c. o. Captain Sherborne of the S. S. Chattahoochee. Confidential and most immediate."

"Certainly, sir," said the purser, his whole manner suddenly changed, and then I returned to my post of observation on deck to wait events.

I saw my friends come on board, the naval lieutenant first, who raised his hat to our captain as he received them at the gangway, then introduced his companions, after which the whole party quickly and silently passed through the crowd of passengers, who were dying to hear what it all meant, and entered the captain's cabin.

I had not long to wait for the next act. Within a minute or two I was hailed by the second cabin steward, who told me a little abruptly, but he knew no better, that I was wanted by the captain below.

"Hallo, Master Willie," began Swete Thornhill after a brief shaking hands all round. "You've led us a pretty dance and no mistake. How the mischief did you get here, and are you certain about the papers?"

"All that will keep, man. As to the papers, ask Captain Sherborne. He knows what became of them."

"I will not be a party to this. I saw you throw certain papers overboard, which I still believe you stole!"

"Captain Wood will answer for that to the proper persons, and so will you as to any charges you bring," interposed Swete Thornhill stiffly. "You can rely on that. We shall proceed straight to New York ahead of you, and you shall be met by the British consul and other authorities."

"That is all I wanted to say," I cried. "Get there first and set everything in trim—you understand Mr. Snuyzer. I am in hopes that the others do not know or have no more than suspicion of what has happened, and we should be able to arrest them on arrival."

"We'll do our best, captain, you bet," said Snuyzer, "and take them if the law will let us. Our Mr. Sidney Saraband will work it if it's to be done. But if we save your property from these sharks their only offense was committed on British soil, and there may be a muss. Anyway it's plain we need not detain this fine vessel"—he bowed to the captain—"now things are pretty well fixed. The major here's satisfied. You're safe, for which we may be truly thankful, if I may say so, and there's nothing left to do till we make the shore. Look out for us, captain. Some of us, I guess, will run out to meet you in a special steamer just inside Sandy Hook."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ancient Dogs.

At the time of the Roman occupation of Britain, a distinct species of dogs were reared, of which can be seen a few examples, which with those of the present day, were the house dog, the greyhound, the bulldog, the terrier and the slowhound.

There were the house dog, the greyhound, the bulldog, the terrier and the slowhound.

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There are two kinds of tea—
Ours, and the rest of them.

Blue Ribbon Tea

Jeweled Brooches.

THE Brooches here mentioned may offer a desirable suggestion for Christmas buying.

Each one is of artistic merit as well as surpassing value.

No. 12320, at \$5, is a Star and Crescent design of fine Pearls and solid Gold.

No. 13317, at \$10, is a rosette scroll design in solid Gold, mounted with a fine Amethyst surrounded with Pearls.

No. 13369, at \$24, is a Pearl "Sun Burst" of exquisite beauty.

No. 13409, at \$42, is a Clover Leaf, paved with fine Pearls, having for its centre a beautiful Diamond.

We guarantee safe delivery, and cheerfully refund the full price if a selection is in any way unsatisfactory.

Write for our new catalogue.

Ryrie Bros.,

Jewelers,

Yonge and Adelaide Streets,

Toronto.

One of the greatest drawbacks in Mexico is the scarcity of fuel. Hopes are placed in the probable discovery of oil in paying quantities.

Ontario farmers are having much trouble with foxes which are carrying off their hens. It is very many years since foxes were so plentiful in the east as they are this season.

THOUSANDS, LIKE HER—Tena McLeod, Severn Bridge, writes: "I owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly all last winter. In order to give a quietus to a hacking cough take a dose of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil three or four times a day, or whenever the cough spells render it necessary."

A young sportsman had mistaken a calf for a deer, and the calf was breathing its last. "T-Tell mother," gasped the dying martyr, addressing the sympathetic sheep, who stood near by. "T-tell mother t-that I died game."

WHY WOOLLENS WEAR THIN.

A SCENE IN A GROCER'S STORE.

Sir, I have just come round myself to tell you that you have absolutely spoiled a pair of blankets on me.

I have!

Yes, sir, you have!

Surely you are mistaken, madam!

I am not mistaken. I sent round my little girl a few days ago for a good strong soap to wash out some heavy things.

In all innocence I used what you sent me, and the result is that my blankets are just the skeleton of what they were. They are ruined, sir, and it's your fault!

Yes, but I sent what I usually send in such cases.

What you usually send! No wonder Mrs. Moore, my neighbor, complains of her clothes wearing out; I and you usually send her the same soap.

But, madam, I always give my customers what they ask for. Had you named a particular brand of soap you would have had it.

Named a particular brand! How was I to know anything of brands? But I know better now, and I know what ruined my blankets—and my hands are in a nice plight, too!

I can assure you, madam, that it is not my desire to sell anything that will be injurious to either the hands or clothing of my customers, and I shall be glad to know how you prove that what I sold you injured your blankets and your hands.

Well, I was telling Mrs. Neill my trouble, and she lent me a little cutting, and here it is; you can read it:

"Dr. Stevenson Macadam, Lecturer on Chemistry, Surgeon's Hall, Edinburgh, describes the destructive property of soda upon wool very graphically."

"After mentioning how strong alkali such as potash and soda, disastrously affect cotton, linen, and wool, he says:

"On one occasion I employed this property of soda in a useful way. There was a large quantity of new blankets sent to one of our hospitals, which, when given out, were said by the patients to be not so warm as the old blankets were, and that led to an investigation as to whether the blankets were genuine or not. They looked well, and weighed properly, and I got a blanket sent to me for examination and analysis. We found soon that there was cotton mixed with

Mother—"I wonder how this new book got in such a horrible condition?" Little Max—"I heard papa say it was too dry for him, so I poured water on it."

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in sound, unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailty of systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state or morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, hereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite, Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

A novelty in divorce is reported from a little town in Austria, where the parties in a recent case, send cards of invitation to their friends, to be present at the trial.

Hickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

Rice Griddlecakes.

Press cup of cold boiled rice through sieve; add tablespoonful butter, melted, and teaspoonful salt; break two eggs into mixture and beat well; add cup milk. Pour this over cup flour; add two teaspoonfuls baking powder. If the butter is too thick, add a little milk. Bake on a hot griddle.

Tricks That Are Old.

Many of the most wonderful feats of magic were known centuries ago. There is the famous trick of making a plant grow instantaneously, for example, which was described in a French paper of the year 1685, but the secret of it was not given.

Ant Nests.

The number of ants in a nest varies from 12,293 to 93,694. These figures are from a recent count of five nests.

AN ANXIOUS TIME FOR
NEURALGIC SUFFERERS.

Paine's Celery Compound

The Only Medicine That Successfully Cures This Terrible Nerve Disease.

Experienced physicians know well that the variable weather of this autumn month decided the fate of thousands in ill health. At the present time, men and women are falling around us like leaves before the chilling north winds.

Amongst the diseases prevalent at this time, terrible neuralgia with its sharp, lacerating and darting pains is doing its intolerable work. The cold, winds, damp air and sudden changes in temperature, favor this pain-racking disease. The best physicians of all schools admit that Paine's Celery Compound is the only known specific for the cure of neuralgia. If you are experiencing the torments of this most terrible of nerve diseases, we counsel you to give Paine's Celery Compound an immediate trial. It has permanently cured others; it will, without fail, meet your case. Mrs. T. McMaster, Toronto, Ont., says:—

"Ten years ago I was attacked with neuralgia, and though treated by six doctors, the disease grew worse and nearly made me insane. Day after day I suffered the most intense agony, and I became utterly disheartened. One day my deliverance came. A lady who had suffered as I had, told me that Paine's Celery Compound had cured her. I used the compound, and it simply made a new woman of me. The pain vanished. I grew well, and I never felt happier in my life. All this is due to Paine's Celery Compound."

THE BUTTERMAKER

Must Use It To Be Successful.

In the autumn and winter seasons the best and most successful butter-makers in Canada use Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color in order to give the butter that lovely and delicate June tint that is so much admired by lovers of fine table butter.

Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color is to-day, almost the only kind that is used in the Creameries and Dairies of Canada. There are other colors sold and sometimes substituted for Improved Butter Color, but wise and experienced buttermakers avoid them, knowing they are not reliable.

When you are buying butter color, insist upon getting the best, the strongest and the most economical. Your neighbors and friends will tell you that Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color is the best. All druggists and dealers.

AFTER THIS IT IS YOUR FAULT

If you suffer with what is generally known as a bad liver.

Fleming's No. 9 Liver Pills.

will effectively relieve the worst case of Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, and by cleansing and purifying the stomach, relieve the system of many of the poisons that bring on fever. Ask your druggist for them if he has none send us 25c for a bottle, or \$1.00 for 5 bottles.

FLEMING'S DRUG STORE, BRANDON

T. H. METCALFE & CO.

Grain and Commission Merchants.

Highest prices paid for wheat, oats, barley or flax in carlots. Wire or write me for prices before selling. Liberal advances made on consignments and handled on commission. Licensed and Bonded. P. O. Box 559, Winnipeg, Man.

IMPERIAL MAPLE SYRUP

The quality standard from Ocean to Ocean. Your money back if not satisfactory.

ROSE & LAFAMME, AGTS., MONTREAL.

Postage stamps don't get licked for sticking to business.

THE HERALD

PONOKA, ALBERTA.

Ambition never grows old; in fact it seldom gets beyond the age of indiscretion.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

By buying British coal, which pays a shilling export tax per ton, the United States is helping England to pay the cost of the Boer war, says the New York World.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fullness and Swelling after meals, Disinclination and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Blisters on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc. **THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES.** This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be **WITHOUT A RIVAL.** BEECHAM'S PILLS taken as directed, will quickly restore Females to complete health. They promptly remove any obstruction or irregularity of the system. For a

Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver,

they act like magic—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular system, restoring the long-lost complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the **Blood of Health** the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS have the **Largest Sale of any Patent Medicines in the World.**

Beecham's Pills have been before the public for half a century, and are the most popular family medicine. No testimonials are published, as Beecham's Pills

RECOMMEND THEMSELVES.

Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, England. Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes, 25 cents.

France was using 256,000 bicycles in 1895 and 987,000 in 1901. She loves the wheel for the peaceful revolutions that it makes.

The wax bullet invented for the harmless Paris duel may be added to the accessories of future war games.

Despite the rainy weather the latest crop reports prove that umbrellas were not the only thing raised this summer.



SYRUP OF FIGS

ACTS GENTLY ON KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

CLEANSSES THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY; DISPELS COLDS, HEADACHES & FEVERS; OVERCOMES HABITUAL CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY.

TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS, BUY THE GENUINE—MA'D BY CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

LOUISVILLE, KY. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. NEW YORK, N.Y. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 50c PER BOTTLE.

A Great Change. Fond Mammy—Isn't baby getting big? Just see how solid he is. Papa—He does seem solid this morning, and it's remarkable, because he appeared to be all "holler" last night.

He Missed. "I was so sorry," said Mrs. Henpeck, "when I just couldn't speak." "My," he exclaimed, "I wish I'd been there."

Initia on Garments. During the eleventh century a fashionable family arms on the garments in Italy and from that country spread all over Europe.

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

First Thing Needed Is the Right Kind of Person for Leader.

In most cases it is the want of good teaching, not the lack of willingness to be taught, which makes youth turn aside in weariness from the first pages of an unexplored sphere of science, says The London Daily Telegraph. That is the greatest and deepest want, to train and provide, namely, the right kind of persons to see little hearts aflame with the thirst for learning the secrets of Nature, and with a spirit to study her ways with an evergrowing gentleness toward the lower creatures and an ever-deepening sense that nothing has been created except for a Divine object and a far-reaching reason. Such is the temper in which the study of Nature must be approached and sustained. The naturalist or physiologist who explores her secrets from the old motive of curiosity, or for profit, or in emulation of rivals, or to maintain a cherished thesis, has not learned, and never will learn, the ultimate delights which close observation of the wonderful world of Creation can impart. He will grow to be an Agnostic, or Pantheist, or something still more undesirable, but will never taste the joys with which such men as White, of Selborne; or Lord Avebury, of great Darwin, enrich existence. It has been well said by the poet that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her," and certain it is that none derive a loftier and more enduring pleasure from studious hours than those who have given them to the patient pursuit of the hidden revelations which Nature, finger by finger, allows her favored votaries to unlock from her willing, but tightly-closed hands. But the ultimate secret is that she must be loved. She will yield to the hard-hearted, to the unbelieving, to the selfish and irreverent man little beyond dull catalogues and masses of gloomy, unfruitful facts; but she reserves for those who will share with her her grand mystery of the Divine Love which governs the universe discoveries that often lift the thoughts of men to heights undreamed of and to large generalization which can fill the most ambitious hearts with noble thoughts and anticipations of splendid hopefulness. If we come down from these heights to the lower ground of utility, of amusement, of expansion of mind, and examples of exquisite invention and adaptation. Nature, in any one of her vast compartments, can satisfy the intellect with vistas of infinite development, and lead the student of new estimates of the value and beauty of life, alike in lower and higher planes. Moreover, how different does the world of sense become to those who pass through it with opened eyes and hearts attuned to admit and to receive the wisdom that is more or less clearly revealed in all its phenomena!

Besant's "Stolen" Chapter.

When Sir Walter Besant was writing his story, "For Faith and Freedom," he needed to send his characters to Barbadoes, as political convicts. But he did not know what to do with them when they got there. Nothing that he could find showed him the daily life of such unfortunates.

One evening he received half a dozen catalogues of second-hand books. As he was idly turning them over his eye fell on a title that electrified him: "The Journal of A. B., some time Chyrurgeon to the Duke of Monmouth, with his trial and sentence to the Plantations of Barbadoes, his Captivity there and his Escape."

The very book! The next morning the eager novelist took a cab and drove at once to the bookseller's. The book was gone. An American had picked it up the day before. But he had at least the title, and armed with that he went to the British Museum where, in the vast ocean of pamphlets, the thing was found. He had it copied out bodily, and had the material for a chapter of his novel that is warm with truth and vividness.

But it remained for a literal man, years after, to reprove him for this historic faithfulness. Sir Walter had told him the story of his "find," and the man said coldly, "Then you stole that chapter!"

The Queen's Horses.

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra used to be extremely fond of riding; she had a most graceful seat, rode about the lanes continually with her children, and occasionally appeared at the hunt meets. But she is not so keen a rider now, having given that exercise up a great deal in favor of driving, or the more recent motor-car runs.

Her Majesty drives single horse or a pair, four-in-hand, or tandem. She has, among others in her stables, a very pretty team of Hungarian ponies, a smart little mare used for the "Blues" cart and a beautiful creature, named Louvina, the latter presented to the Queen by her daughters, its name being a compound of the first letters in the names of the princesses. Whenever Her Majesty appears on horseback Louvina is the animal she rides.

Period of Deepest Sleep.

The period of deepest sleep varies from 3 o'clock to 5. An hour or two after going to bed you sleep very soundly; then your slumber grows gradually lighter, and it is easy enough to waken you at 1 or 2 o'clock, but when 4 o'clock comes you are in such a state of somnolence that it would take a great deal to waken you.

A WELLAND MERCHANT.

He Says He is Now Feeling Better Than He Has For Many Years.

An Open Letter In Which a Prominent Citizen Gives a Strong Recommendation for Dodd's Kidney Pills, a Remedy Which He Says Restored Him to Good Health.

Welland, Ont., Oct. 20.—(Special)—Mr. J. J. Yokom, grocer and provision merchant of this place, has given for publication an open letter as follows:—

"For a year or more I had been ailing with Kidney Trouble in all of its worst forms. I had a very depressed feeling in my head and little or no appetite, a constant feeling of languor, and I became greatly reduced in weight.

"At times I was entirely incapacitated.

"I have spent considerable money in medicines of different kinds but did not get any good results. I also doctored with a physician of vast experience, but got no benefit.

"At last I became discouraged and hopeless of ever being well again. One day by luck I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and began to use them.

"From the first they seemed to suit my case exactly, and when I had taken five boxes my old trouble had entirely disappeared, and I was feeling better than I had in many years.

"I am now in splendid health and able to stand great exertion, in fact my general health is better than it has been in a long time.

"Since my recovery I have told many others of Dodd's Kidney Pills and how they cured me to stay cured. Many of them say it seems impossible and yet they know it is true."

(Signed), J. J. YOKOM.

Mr. Yokom has been a resident of Welland for years and is known to every man, woman and child in the town. He was born in the neighboring township of Crowland, within 3 miles of his present home, and is known as a man of Christian principles who would not make a statement that would in any way be misleading.

Many a son of his father would never be heard of were he not fined for speeding an automobile. This is the cheapest kind of fame.

Horse Health



is one of the most important things for every farmer to consider.

Dick's Blood Purifier

will build up a run down horse.

It tones up the system, rids stomach of bots, worms and other parasites which undermine an animal's health.

50 cts. a package.

LEEMING MILES & CO. AGENTS. - - - MONTREAL.

When baking cakes or scones, if the soda is dissolved in a little boiling milk it prevents the disagreeable lumps which are so often seen.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

A document on vellum signed by Guy Fawkes, and relating to a sale of land in 1692, has been sold for £101 at Sotheby's.

It is usually the backbiter that gives affront.

One small portion of the Wankie coalfield in Rhodesia is estimated to be capable of yielding 1,000 tons per day for 100 years.

Marconi, in one respect may now rank with Hannibal and Napoleon. He has conquered the Alps.

"KELPION"

Endorsed by best English medical journals. Supplied to British soldiers in South Africa. For all Throat and Gland Troubles, Lumps, Abscesses, Old Sores, Ulcers, Felsons, Skin Diseases, Eczema, Pimples, Stiff Joints, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, Piles, Cuts, Sore Feet, Pleurisy. Sold by Druggists, 25c. Try it once.

Ogilvie Oats

Delicious flavor. Free from hulls. Warranted Pure. Put up in all sized packages.

Ogilvie's Hungarian

As now manufactured. The great FAMILY FLOUR. Insist on getting "OGILVIE'S," as they are better than the Best, HAVE NO EQUAL.

GOLD STANDARD TEA

Is a blend of choicest INDIAN and CEYLON. Unequalled for Purity & Strength.

To clean stone jugs and jars fill them with water, adding a tablespoonful of baking soda to each gallon of water. Let it stand over night. If not thoroughly cleansed, repeat the operation.

\$100-REWARD-\$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the Best.

The up-to-date actress is a good artist. At least she knows how to paint.

Lever's V-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath softens the water at the same time that it disinfects.

"Good management is better than a good income," but both together are better than either separately.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

"He who sings drives away sorrow but often causes sorrow to his neighbors."

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most-to-be-dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

Some people are afraid, and call it virtue.

Men going down in the new submarines for the first two or three times become almost stupefied by the strong fumes of gasoline used in propelling the vessels.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—My daughter, 13 years old, was thrown from a sleigh and injured her elbow so badly it remained stiff and very painful for three years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured her and she has not been troubled for two years. Yours truly, J. B. LEVESQUE. St. Joseph, P.Q., Aug. 18, 1900.

It is a mistake to think that we can make our homes comfortable with heated discussions.

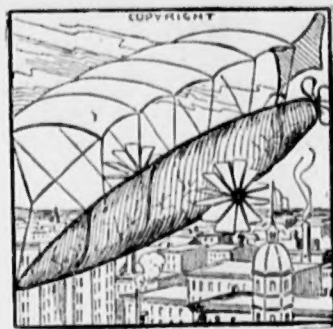
A dark secret is the kind that usually comes to light.

The railroads employ in the State of Nebraska 18,500 men on their roads.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Camille Flammarion, the astronomer and social reformer, has introduced a bill in the French Chamber of Deputies for the rationalizing of the calendar. He wants the year to start with the vernal equinox, and to consist of 364 days.

On Christmas every policeman in the city of London receives from Lord Rothschild a briarwood pipe and an ounce of tobacco.



HIGH ABOVE all other Cigars sail LUCINAS

Just because of that sweet flavor we keep telling you about. It's there. Try one. You'll find it. GEO. F. BRYAN & CO., WINNIPEG.

HALCYON HOT SPRINGS SANITARIUM

Situated midst scenery unrivalled for grandeur. The most complete health resort on the continent of North America. Its baths cure all Nervous and Muscular diseases. Its waters heal all Kidney, Liver and Stomach ailments. They are a never-failing remedy for all Rheumatic troubles. TERM—\$15 to \$18 per week, according to residence in Hotel or Villas.

Some women come down town so seldom that they are so timid they always suggest a (at that is crossing the street).

Sprained Ankle Cured

Another Remarkable Case Where St. Jacobs Oil Worked a Wonder



Mr. W. H. Allen, jr., of 17 Denmark Street, Aston, Birmingham, writes under date of May 29th, 1896: "I am a driver for the Keystone Hottling Co., of Birmingham, and I had the misfortune to be pitched off my waggon, and besides being bruised from head to foot my ankle joint was put out and my foot severely sprained. I tried many embrocations, but received no benefit; I then went to the hospital, but after having been treated for a considerable time, I left, not any better. I then determined to try St. Jacobs Oil, and I can assure you that before I used the contents of one bottle my ankle was as sound as ever, and I was able to go to work as if nothing had happened."

If feet indicate a man's character, a shoemaker ought to have a good chance to study his characteristics.

FAGGED OUT—None but those who have become fagged out know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

Q. HOPE JONES TALKS

LECTURES ON THE SUBJECT "THE GOOD SIDE OF BADNESS."

He Shows That Bad Men Have Many Redeeming Traits and Tries to Prove It by Citing the Cases of Nero, Lucretia Borgia and Cyrus II.

MY dear friends, the subject of my remarks this evening is "The Good Side of Badness," and before I have finished I hope to make you feel more tolerant toward certain people whose memories have been jumped on with both feet for several generations past. It has cost me much time and money to gather my statistics and see them properly vouched for, but the price of admission to this lecture has remained at the old figure of 25 cents. That is the cost of admission to any hall to



HE MOWED DOWN CATS AND DOGS.

see a trained hog, and compared to one of my lectures a trained hog is as hush to ears of yellow corn.

For hundreds of years the name of Nero has been held up to detestation because he laddled while Rome burned and because he had a little way of slaughtering from 5,000 to 10,000 prisoners in a batch after a battle. It was also a fancy of his to wipe out towns and depopulate agricultural districts, and we read of his putting out eyes and shaving off ears and toes and fingers. Historians have gone at it and made out that Nero was never so happy as when slicing up orphans or sticking old women full of pins, but that is only one side of his character. We are given on him because he hasn't been given a fair show.

As a kid Nero was placid and serene and content, and he is not even charged with pulling the cat's tail. While other youths were stealing eggs, robbing orchards and breaking schoolhouse windows Nero was drawing cistern water for the Monday wash and cutting the grass in the front yard. He was industrious, honest and truthful, and he was an example to be pointed out. He grew to young manhood without a blemish on his character. Such was his probity that at twenty-one you might have searched his rooms over and over again without finding the photograph of an actress or a love letter from a ballet girl. His mother was still tucking him in when he went to bed on winter nights, and he was still loath to part with his hobbyhorse when the blow fell. He tumbled head over heels in love with a female trainer of lions, and in three short months she had broken his heart and mashed his wallet as flat as a pancake. We have all been there. We know what it is to be made a fool of by a girl we would die for. We would do just as Nero did if we had the chance. He first tried suicide, but the rope broke and let him down with a clug, and he rose up with a feeling that he must have revenge on the whole world.

My friends, if that female trainer of lions, who gave a performance every afternoon and was really the first girl in the world to whistle a ragtime air, had not toyed with Nero's young heart he would probably have married and been taken on as keeper of the elephants and the driver of the band wagon, but she toyed, and he became a terror on wheels. He went in to slam things, and Rome suffered. Don't be too hard on him. He had been thrown down, and thrown hard, and he hadn't the stamina to bid his aching heart cease to ache and hunt around for another mash.

History has picked out Lucretia Borgia and held her up as the monster of her age, and history has committed a great wrong. I started out on her trail feeling that death by hanging was too good for her, but as I traced her career step by step I had to leave my prejudices behind. As a child Lucretia wouldn't hurt a fly. The sight of a bulldog picking up a cat by the neck would have thrown her into convulsions. As a girl she was sensitive to other people's feelings to an amazing degree. Had a young man with a pimple on his nose been courting her she would have died before asking him why he didn't have it cut off. She was a favorite in society. She always sat down on the edge of a chair and folded her hands and said, "Yes, ma'am," and "No, sir," and she knew nothing what-

ever of flirtations. It was only when she had become a young woman and when she learned that relatives of hers were plotting to rob her of her inheritance and send her out to do upstairs work at \$4 a month that she turned to poison. She dosed them right and left, and when she discovered what a good thing she had she kept on with it. It is pretty well authenticated that she caused the deaths of fourteen different people, and some of 'em had funeral processions a mile long, but an impartial investigation has satisfied me that most of the crowd ought to have been in state prison anyhow. Besides, in those days everybody went around with a pint bottle of poison in his coat-pool pocket, and if you enticed on a friend and drank a glass of hemlock or pop with him he generally telephoned the undertaker to send up your size in collars. If Lucretia hadn't got ahead of the game, it would have got ahead of her, and so what was the poor thing to do? They caught her at it at last and made a great howl over things, but no one should go back on her on account of what history says.

Let us now take up the case of Cyrus II. According to history, nothing pleased him more than to fling six or eight hundred people over a precipice or tie half a thousand innocent children to the tails of wild horses. In one day with his own hand he stabbed 250 captives to death, and he got up bright and early next morning and had 250 buried alive. When Cyrus was in a merry mood, he lopped off the arms of fifty captives and set them to climbing over fences, and when he got up with a headache and a rocky feeling he made a change by lopping off twice that number of heads and watching the bodies play circus. He was full of business, was Cyrus, and he reached the top rung of the ladder before an old friend of his stuck a knife in his back to end his career. Give him a fair show, however. From the time he was big enough to handle a red-hot poker he was set to poking rats with it. They fastened steel claws on his fingers and encouraged him to scratch his nurse, and they turned him loose with a sickle and let him mow down cats and dogs. The idea was to get him to hanker for blood, and in due time he hankered. If any one had told Cyrus that it was a sin to gouge out the eyes of seven old women or slice off the noses of seven old men, he would have been truly astounded. He was the big it in Persia. He took to blood instead of golf or football, and the Persians had to pay for it with their heads. It is held up against him in particular that on one occasion he invited 1,000 persons to a birthday party and just as they had got comfortably settled down to enjoy themselves he turned 10,000 of his soldiers loose on the crowd and wiped them out to the last old maid. It wasn't exactly the proper thing to do perhaps, but there were no books of etiquette in those days, and he could be excused for any little blunders. Let us be charitable and forgiving. Let us remember that he was acting toward others as they itched to act toward him, and if any of the boys on the back benches who have been admitted for half price are named Cyrus let them cling to the name and seek to honor it.

M. QUAD.

Their Restraint.



Gussie (gleefully)—Bah Jove! All the girls around here smile at me. Tom—Well, that shows they have some manners. Anywhere else they would laugh outright.—Chicago News.

Discouraging Circumstances.

Tramp (in the country)—Yes, I once rode a bicycle, but I had ter give it up. Cyclist—Why? Tramp—Well, yer see, the owner wuz comin' down the road behind me, and the policeman had a rope stretched across the road in front.

Between Friends.

Ida—Listen to Erma reciting the "Wreck of the Hesperus." How terrible it must have been!

Mabel—Yes, and some people can make it more terrible than it was.—Chicago News.

High Art.

Sue Brette—She's got a new play for next season. Polly Pinkettes—That so? What is it? Sue Brette—Musical comedy in three acts and nine new dresses.—Philadelphia Press.

Summer Angling.

He—Indeed, there's jolly good fishing about here. Miss Swift made a great catch when she was here last summer.

She—Yes; that old man was worth at least a million.—Pittsburg Press.

He Set It All Right.

Bill Collector—You say you intend to pay this bill some time. Can't you set a certain day? Lawyer Furst—Yes; judgment day.—Baltimore World.

Tame Dog Days.

Times are not what they used to be; We miss those old and faithful friends. The serpent terror of the sea No more his billowy length extends. No more the blissing bug so bold Salutes, unintruded, the fair. Our summer joys have all grown cold, And fancy fices we know not where.

Exhausted are those themes so rich Which once employed our ablest pens. No more we hear of hailstones which In size outdo the eggs of hens. No more we laud the honest dame Who with quadruplets has been blest; No dazzled frog steps into fame Released from some big tree out west.

And, though we love the simple truth, Our mighty nation must bewail That fond companion of its youth, The journalistic fairy tale. And, though our power it may unfold Until it touches every clime, We'll miss those gentle yarns of old Which soothed us so in summer time. —Washington Star.

Severe.



She—What are you thinking about? He—Nothing. She—Isn't that rather egotistical?

Not For His Health.

"The doctor's all the while grumbling about his patients who won't pay their bills."

"I know it. He says he isn't practicing medicine for his health."

Magnanimous.

Walter (after a tip)—Er—ahem! I'm the man who waited on you, sir.

Disgusted Customer—All right, my man; don't mention it. I don't bear malice.—New York Journal.

A Hospitable Heathen.

It was high noon and Monday. Worse yet, it was the thirteenth day of the month. A knock was heard at the kitchen door of the Burns mansion. The Chinese servant opened the door. A tramp of long and varied experience accosted him:

"I've been traveling and have played in mighty hard luck," observed the tramp. "I lost all of my money, and now I'm hungry—very, very hungry. Can't you please give me a little bite of something to eat?"

The Chinaman comprehended the situation at once. A benevolent, placid smile spread itself over his entire countenance.

"You likee fish?" he asked of the tramp.

"Yes, I like fish first rate. That will do as well as anything."

"Come Fliday!" said the hospitable heathen.

Genuine Limping Limerick.

A maiden who played at croquet Was ahead, but somehow didn't stuet Then she hollered, "Oh, dear!" And she squeeze out a tear, But her feller he wiped it away!

A Different Matter.

Nell—Why is it that a girl can never catch a ball like a man?

Belle—A man is so much larger and easier to catch.

Practice Makes Perfect.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave When first we practice to deceive!" But when we've had more practice, my! How straight and fluently we lie!

Popular? Whew!

She—Not very popular in the clubs, eh?

He—I should say not! He knows when to quit in a poker game.

Stained Brass.

Stains on brass will disappear if rubbed with a cut lemon dipped in salt. When clean, wash in hot water, dry with a cloth and polish with a wash leather.

Olive Oil.

American grocers ruin thousands of bottles of good olive oil by keeping it on shelves exposed to heat and light. It should always be kept in a cool, dark place.

Cuba's Mountains.

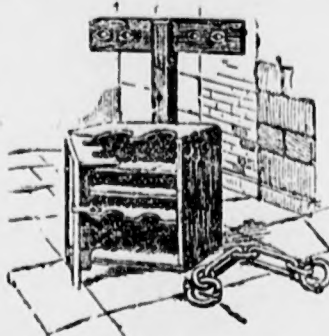
The highest mountains in Cuba reach greater heights than any peaks in the eastern ranges of the United States.

RELICS OF NEWGATE

GRIM OLD PRISON WILL SOON BE A THING OF THE PAST.

Although Building May Go, the Authorities Are Preserving Many Relics in the Guildhall Museum—Some of These Interesting Antiquities—Dust of Sir John Sylvester, Otherwise Called "Black Jack."

Very soon Newgate will be a thing of the past and a new building will arise on the site of the grim old prison. But though the building may go many relics will remain, having been placed by the authorities in the Guildhall museum, says Lloyd's Weekly newspaper. Among these are the magistrates' book of 1814, the minutes book of 1843-1878, the chapel chairs, a leaden cast of the city arms, the old sign of the cor-



THE WHIPPING BLOCK AND IRONS.

poration's authority set within the prison, the Lord Mayor's minute book for 1791, a bust of Sir John Sylvester called "Black Jack" on account of his severe sentences, an iron waist-belt, a whipping block and a set of leg irons. The two latter items are among the most interesting in the collection. The whipping-block stood for many years in the dissolved portion of the prison known as Mrs. Fry's Ward, from the fact that the great prison philanthropist visited the unhappy women confined in it. The block is believed to have last been used for a public whipping outside the Old Bailey in 1807, and was used privately at least once in 1863 for flogging a garrotter. The set of leg irons are said to have been worn by the notorious Jack Sheppard, the house-breaker, on his recapture after his second and last escape from Newgate. Sheppard gained his name first as prison-breaker, by escaping from the St. Giles' Round House and the New Prison. He afterwards made two escapes from Newgate. On the last occasion he was recaptured while drunk, was brought at once to trial and executed at Tyburn, Nov. 16, 1725, just one month from the time of his escape.

Kitchener's War Office.

Lord Kitchener has soon set to work and established a busy "Branch War Office" at 9, West Halkin street, says Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper. It is a modest place for the great general to carry on his business, but it has the merits of quietness and convenience to Belgrave Square, where



KITCHENER'S NEW HEADQUARTERS.

Lord Kitchener is staying with Mr. Hall, at No. 17. The rooms, three in number, are on the second floor, over an artist's colorman's store. Lord Kitchener's special room is on the side of the front door, and here he will work for the next few months or so, clearing up arrears in the details of war-making and peace-making.

Will Solve a Problem.

A company has been organized in London which is expected to solve once and for all the eating problem as it faces the bachelor and the servantless household. This company guarantees to send a hot meal anywhere, at any time, at a moderate cost, the dinner to be as good as can be got in any of the first class restaurants. Not only is the dinner sent, but with it goes a complete table service—silver, glass and napery. The idea in itself is not particularly new, but the price for which it is done is surprisingly small. A dinner for one, comprising soup, entrée, roast and sweet, is sent out for 2 shillings. Breakfast costs a shilling and lunch a shilling and sixpence.

The company undertakes to supply all the meals of a household at a guinea per week for each one. It has a central kitchen, where the food is prepared, and specially constructed baskets, so arranged that the hot dishes will stay hot and the cold dishes cold.

Phrenologist—Your hump of destructiveness is very large. Are you a soldier or a pugilist? Bill Hunter—Neither. I'm a furniture remover.—World's Wonder.

More About Mary.

Mary had a little nose That turned up at the point, But a little baby brother came And put it out of joint.

The House Described.

"Is your house a Queen Anne?" "In front; Mary Ann at the back!"

Anxiety.

The latest query everywhere, As hurried by the plain and fair, If one be truly up to date, Is, "Is my coronet on straight?"

Piano Wood.

Wood intended to be made into pianos requires to be kept forty years to be in perfect condition.

Betty Botter's Batter.

Betty Botter bought some butter, "But," she said, "this butter's bitter. If I put it in my batter, It will make the batter bitter, But a bit of better butter Will make my batter better." So she bought a bit of better butter Better than the bitter butter, And made her batter better better, So 'twas better Betty Botter Bought a bit of better butter.

A Successful Player.

Minnie—Myrtilla is really and truly our champion golfer.

Mabel—Nonsense!

Minnie—Oh, yes, she is. She has never yet made a round of the links without getting a proposal.

Waste.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its fragrance on the desert air.

Full many a table stands unused between The meals because they don't play ping-pong there.

Curling the Hair.

There is no harmless solution which will make the hair curl without the aid of patent curlers or a heated iron. A thin solution of gum arabic or a decoction of quince seed will retain the curls after they are made, and the application of a little oil will keep them impervious to mist or dampness, but these are the only legitimate means which may be employed.

Necessity.

With beef and corn so very high That worry mars our sleep, We'll soon eat terrapin and pie Because they're rather cheap.

Quite Different.

Maud (of Boston)—I am sure you don't say pants.

Willie—No; I say pawnts.

Who Wait.

All things may come to those who wait, But do not rest upon your ear, For you may find, perhaps too late, The things we're not worth waiting for.

His Choice Library.

"My, what a lot of books!" exclaimed Miss Gossypie. "Does your husband read much?"

"No," answered Mrs. Gad. "He buys expensive books, and he's so busy working to pay for them that he does not have time to read."

Sirenous Romance.

They met when to showers of April Were rushing thousands of rills, And they strayed where the first dandelions Were gleaming on the green hills. They gathered the purple peach blossoms And were wooed beneath the May sky. He wooed her among the June roses And heard the sweet word in July.

They planned and laid ready in August; Ah, swiftly the daisy days passed! The wedding took place in September; Their love was renewed at last. He brought her home in October At the end of the honeymoon's course; She applied to the darts in November And at Christmas received her divorce.

A Little Misunderstanding.

Young Mother—What will you charge for a photograph of our little boy? Photographer—The dollars, madam, but it will be considerably cheaper for a dozen.

Young Mother—Aizen! Oh, no, we can't wait so long!—Ipplcott's.

Canadian Waters.

From the Atlantic Ocean to the head of Lake Superior a vessel may sail in Canadian waters a distance of 2,200 statute miles.

Well, Ruler!

"Good morning, M. Ruler!" remarked the whale affably. "How do you feel this morning?" "Rather down in the mouth," replied Jonah.

Vacation.

Vacation time will soon be here And hearts be glad once more. When scholars will regret the things They learned a month before.

THE ELEVATOR BOY

SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AS
RELATED BY HIMSELF.

Poor Sammis Is Love Stricken, and All Thoughts of That Gigantic Mortgage Are Forgotten Until He Is Rejected For Another.

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WHEN I came to work in this skyscraper, Mr. Rasher, the agent, sat down and patted me on the head and said: "Sammis, I am told that you are the son of a widow and a good boy."

"Yes, sir, I am," I replied. "You have set out to pay off a gigantic mortgage on the family estates and become president of the United States?"

"I have, sir."

"You will put in twelve hours per day for \$4 per week and keep your eyes peeled in the interest of this syndicate?"

"I will, sir," I bravely answered. "Then I have but one thing more to say. There are good looking girls in this building, Sammis. There are no less than ten typewriters who are as handsome as Mary Anderson and as lovable as Lillian Russell. Don't fall in love with any of them. Don't let your young heart get up any pitapat business. To fall in love at your age would ruin your future prospects and bring the blight of despair to your fond mother's heart. It might also snap the cables of the elevator. Take no chances, Sammis. Treat them with courtesy and respect, but let your demeanor be cold and reserved."

I realized that Mr. Rasher was advising me for my own good, and I determined that he should have no occasion to find fault with me. Many attempts were made to capture my young heart, but I nobly resisted them. In time I came to be known as "Cold Storage Sammis," and many a man patted me on the shoulder and said:

"Boy, would that I had your strength of will to resist the soft smiles of a black eyed typewriter with peachy cheeks!"

But fate was lying in wait for me, and I knew it not. One day a young woman named Sarah appeared in the office of the Tar and Rosin syndicate as typewriter, and when she had made



"SAMMIS, I DOTE ON FRESH ROASTED PEANUTS."

her first trip in my elevator I knew that I was a lost boy. She had wavy hair and teeth of gold, and her smile was as gentle as powdered sugar. As the elevator wobbled upward I turned pale and red and felt shaky in the knees. Sarah noticed my confusion, and, laying her hand on my arm, she softly whispered:

"Sammis, I dote on fresh roasted peanuts. I believe I could eat a peck of them."

That was sufficient for me. All thoughts of that gigantic mortgage fled away, and within an hour a large and generous bag of peanuts rested at her right hand as she worked the keys and clacked. Love came to me with the suddenness of snow sliding off the roof of a house. My mind was in such a whirl that night as I went home that I forgot to bend the conductor out of my fare, and I actually got up and offered an old woman my seat.

"Sammis," said my mother when she saw that my appetite was gone and I no longer cared to be a great man. "If you have fallen in love do not hesitate to confide in your mother. She will save you if anybody can. Even if you are engaged she will find a way of escape."

But I lied to her and made out that I had a lame back and trouble with my left lung. I did not want to be saved. I wanted to go to bed that night and dream of Sarah's gold teeth and wavy hair. The next morning there were gumdrops on her typewriter. They were from me. She came and waited for me at the seventh floor, and as we were alone for a moment she playfully pinched my ear and said:

"Sammis, I don't see how any girl can help falling in love with you. Some day you may bring me a box of chocolate creams."

She had them ere the sun went down, and next morning she had a bouquet of roses which cost me a plunk and a half. In return for them she gave me a smile that displayed all her golden teeth clear back to the last

one. I wanted to die for her that day to prove my love, but I was kept so busy in the elevator that I had no opportunity to throw myself from a window or send out after poison. I did make myself a hero, however. I caught a district messenger boy loafing around on the ninth floor and walloped him till he bellowed for mercy. For the next two weeks all my salary went for candy and peanuts and bouquets, and I lied to my trusting mother and told her that I had to give it up for police protection. On two occasions Sarah permitted me to take her out to lunch and pay the shot, and I had to borrow my street car fare home. It was after the second lunch that Mr. Rasher sent for me and said:

"Sammis, there is complaint that your elevator wobbles as you take people up and down. Are you losing your nerve?"

"No, sir."

"Then be a little more careful. A wobbly elevator scares tenants out of a building."

It was my love for Sarah that wobbled the elevator, and I made up my mind that matters had reached a crisis. One noon, when she had pulled my ear and asked me to bang my hair for her sake, I followed her into her room and laid my young and bursting heart at her feet. She laughed at me. With her mouth full of chocolate creams, bought with my cash, she laughed me to scorn. She lay back and laughed, and she stood up and laughed, and when I had been crushed to earth she said:

"Now, bubby, run along and get me a bunch of violets to wear to the theater tonight. I am going with Mr. Driscoll."

I went out of that room a frozen boy. All my confidence in humanity was destroyed in a moment. Never, never again, could I believe in the integrity of woman. I sought my home and fell upon the bed, and I was doctored for fits, loss of memory, blood poisoning and malaria. It was touch and go, but I rallied, and inside of a week I was able to return to my elevator. It is said that I look old and careworn and that it is easy to guess that I have a burden on my heart, but you watch my smoke. No girl can wreck my life and escape the penalty. I am laying for the faithless Sarah, and Fate is on her trail. She smiles as before when we meet, and her golden teeth gleam in the semidarkness of the cage, but there is no longer a responsive throb in the heart of Sammis, The Elevator Boy.

A Great Advantage.

Grimes—I've got my name in the blue book this year, and you can't think how pleasant it has made life seem to me.

Hudson—I can't see what advantage it can be to you.

Grimes—Perhaps not, but it has been a great advantage. Hardly a day passes that I don't get a circular or two from some brokerage firm offering me splendid opportunities for the investment of my surplus thousands. Why, it really makes me feel like a millionaire—a millionaire who doesn't have to pay taxes, mind you.

A Quiet Tip.

"My baby cries half the night," remarked Newpop, with a gigantic sigh. "That's easily remedied," rejoined Oldwed, who is the proud sire of six interesting juveniles. "All you have to do is to turn on the gas full blaze when he starts the trouble."

"Will that quiet him?" asked Newpop. "Sure thing," replied the other, who had long since passed the experimental stage. "The light will fool him. He will imagine it is daylight and immediately go to sleep just for the sake of being contrary."

Sure to Say It.

They stood on the lava incrustated shore of the little island that had been destroyed by the volcano.

Blazing torrents still ran down the sides of the mountain, while the very air seemed full of fire.

A man who all along had seemed to be making every effort to control himself at last turned to a companion and chuckled:

"Is it hot enough for you?" The task of hurling him into the belching crater was indeed a glad surcease from the woe of the inhabitants.

Wouldn't Hold Much.

Mamma—What are you thinking about, Tommy?

Tommy (aged five)—I was jes' thinkin' how glad I am Chris'mas don't come in the summer time.

Mamma—Why?

Tommy—'Cause I wear such teeny weent' short socks in summer time.

"Christmas Coming."

Never mind the burning weather; Summer's flying like a feather! Soon the holly'll deck the hall And the boys cry, "Hands round, all!"

King Alfonso

You wait impatiently the day, Poor boy,

When you may put your toys away, Poor boy!

Through careless childhood you have sped;

Ah, if you might see on ahead, I woen that you'd shrink back in dread,

Poor boy!

—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE LETTER

"P"

By J. J. ABECKET

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S. S. McClure Company

Young Mr. Carlisle Partridge possessed an ample income and an extraordinary talent for the piano. His ambition to be a celebrated performer occupied much of his thought and time. Unfortunately just as he reached the point where he felt warranted in appearing as a professor his health began to show signs of failing. His physician advised change of air and less arduous practice.

Partridge sought out a beautiful country town whose air was invigorating. He engaged a large front room and the use of a rear one, which was a sort of country back parlor. In the former he had a grand piano installed and restricted his use of it to three hours a day, practicing only the numbers for his programme.

The small community was much impressed by this exhibition of opulence and energy. So was the daughter of his landlady, a girl of eighteen. Hetty Humphreys was a bright and exceedingly pretty girl, who had already made her mark in the little village world by her standing at the academy. Her mother planned for her a higher flight at Holyoke college.

After a few days the girl's interest in the handsome young musician deepened. She would spend nearly all of the evening hour for practice in the bay window, which looked out on the large garden. A honeysuckle vine clambered thickly around this window, whose ledge was only a few feet from the ground. Off a little at one side was a vineclad arbor.

"Do you mind if I sit in the window of the back parlor and hear you play?" she asked. "You do play so beautifully, and of course we get so little music of any kind here that it's a real treat and an education for me. I'm too busy the rest of the day to give it attention."

Mr. Partridge had assented, with the proviso that she should not speak to him until the hour was over. Hetty promised, and when the thing was tried he found that she was as good as her word. In fact, when he had made some remark to her the first night she had not replied. He was so nearsighted that he could not see well into the dark opening of the window. It was not until he had closed the piano and made another remark that he received any response.

"Tired? No, indeed, but it makes me feel so dreamy I don't want to say a word."

This was as good as could be. So the rehearsals went on through the



EVERY EVENING SHE SAT IN THE BACK PARLOR WHILE HE PLAYED.

lovely summer evenings, the musician feeling a sort of stimulus from his unwavering but silent auditor. Then came a ripple in the placid current of his rustic experience. One morning after he had finished his practice Mrs. Humphreys requested a moment of speech with him. He assented, wondering what she could want. She was the incarnation of prose and country respectability of the narrow but insistent sort.

"I've got to say something to you, Mr. Partridge. It isn't very nice to have to mention it. But, though Hetty is smart, she's only a girl and only used to country ways. She used to like to visit with friends nights, but now she don't show no disposition to do so. It may be the music, and that's all. But she's changed since you came. She's moody at times and then again kind of giddy and excited. I've watched you, and I can see that you don't take more than ordinary notice of Hetty. But when I found this in her room yesterday it made me do some thinking, and I made up my mind it was time to speak to you. Look at that!"

She unfolded a white cloth and showed a square of deep velvet silk with several bars of music embroidered

in each corner. In the middle a large "P" was outlined in the same black silk.

Mr. Partridge took the square, examined the musical bars and nodded his head. Then he looked at Mrs. Humphreys with a mildly inquisitive air.

"You seem to know them musical figures," said she severely. "Have they got any meaning?"

"Why, yes. This is from a Scotch ballad. 'Could you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas?' He sang the words softly. 'This is from 'Carmen.' He sang again 'Si tu m'aimes, Escamillo.' Then this is from 'The Bedouin's Love Song.' The last is a passage from 'A Pastoral Symphony' I practice."

The ingenious young man reddened under the sustained gaze of Hetty's mother.

"It's not just fancy in me," she declared. "That poor child's in love."

"Well, that isn't such a dreadful thing, Mrs. Humphreys, is it? Miss Hetty is about eighteen or nineteen, and girls usually do fall in love about that time."

"I'm not blaming you. But you don't mean to say that you have any serious feelings for my daughter, do you, Mr. Partridge?" She spoke with a red face, but fierce determination.

"Good heavens, no!" exclaimed the musician, with an explosive emphasis that carried conviction. "What—what have I to do with it?"

She put her forefinger on the large funeral "P." "P stands for Partridge, don't it?"

He flushed with annoyance, but there was no gainsaying that it did.

"It must all be a mistake," he protested. "I never see her alone except when she is around when I play evenings, and I don't see her then. She likes to listen quietly and then go away. I am perfectly innocent."

Her expression had softened, though she still looked worried. "I don't blame you, Mr. Partridge, but you can see that it must be stopped."

He did some quick thinking. "I can go away. I meant to stay two weeks longer, but I can get off in a day or two."

Three days later Hetty drove him to the station. Her mother could not oppose this last devotion. She saw him on the train. "I am ever so much obliged for those lovely evenings of music," she said cheerfully, and he could not but admire her bravery.

He hesitated a moment and then said, "I would really like to have the sofa pillow, Miss Hetty."

She looked at him open eyed, then asked quickly, "How did you know anything about it?"

"Oh, I saw it one day," he replied evasively. "I know all the airs, of course, but I shouldn't have guessed it was for me only for the 'P.'"

She burst into a merry fit of laughter. "Did mother show that to you? Upon my word, that wasn't for you!" And she laughed again.

"Oh, pardon me"—But the train pulled up, and he was off.

It had not disappeared when a young fellow came out of the waiting room, and the two drove briskly away.

"George," she said, "that Princeton pillow I made for you mother and Mr. Partridge thought I had made for him."

"Well, there's no harm in that," he laughed back. "If he had only known what a good blind his playing was for those evenings in the arbor, he wouldn't have any suspicions like that. But we've got to hurry to get to the other station. The minister is expecting us in New Haven."

"Oh, George, mother will be surprised! Do you suppose your father will forgive us?"

"If he doesn't, I can stand it, Hetty, dear."

The Barometer Trees of Chile.

One of the most remarkable productions of the isles of Chile is the celebrated "barometer tree," which grows in great profusion in all of the salt marshes. It belongs to the natural order euphorbiaceae, and is believed to be a near relative of Siphonia elastica, the India rubber tree of Brazil. The wonderful traits of this tree were first made known to white men in 1881, the natives informing the De Young company that both the leaves and the bark of the trees were never falling weather prognosticators. In dry weather the bark of this natural barometer is as smooth and white as that of a sycamore, but with the near approach of storms these characteristics vanish like magic.

Twenty-four hours before a storm breaks over the little island the trunk of every tree of the species turns as black as ebony, save a few scattered patches of carmine, these latter markings being supposed to foretell great electrical disturbance. The leaves, too, which in their normal state hang laterally (as they do on all American trees), drop edgewise and tremble like things endowed with animal life and reason.

A Queer Animal of Madagascar.

One of the most peculiar members of the great family of the mammals is the aye-aye of Madagascar. In form it much resembles a squirrel, in size it is equal to a large cat, and it is so shy, stealthy and ghostlike in its movements that the natives think it is a kind of spirit and regard it with super-

stitious dread. It is related to the lemurs, but it differs from them in many points. Its most remarkable peculiarity consists in the middle finger of its hands, which, instead of resembling the others, is, as Mr. Richard Lydekker says, "extremely thin and spiderlike." Living in the silent forests, the aye-aye possesses extraordinary acuteness of hearing and apparently can locate by the sounds it makes in the trunks of trees the wood boring larvae on which it feeds. Chiseling away the wood with its teeth, the aye-aye inserts its remarkable middle finger to fork out its victims.

Value of the Shilling in 1600.

We know that in Shakespeare's day, say A. D. 1600, sixpence a day was a fortune for any workingman, say the equivalent of \$10 per annum. A century earlier, before the access to America was open to English explorers, one of the Ardens of Warwickshire left an annuity of 40 shillings per annum to a younger son, probably the poet's great-granduncle. Then if sixpence a day would now be the equivalent of 20 shillings a week then 40 shillings per annum would equate to \$120 of present values.—Notes and Queries.

The Garden.

The poorest, commonest garden is a place of enchantment to the true flower lover. Its possibilities are endless, even if the achieved results lack much.

Her Frocks.

She—I can't possibly get my gown for less than \$175, dear.

He—But there's Mrs. Rounder. I'll bet she doesn't pay any such price.

She—But her social position is so much more secure than ours.

A Frog's Skin.

A frog's skin makes the thinnest and at the same time one of the toughest leathers than can be tanned.

Nothing Remarkable.

She—Dear little Fido! See him wag his tail!

Archie—Why—er—what else could he do with it, Miss Birdie?

Olive Trees.

An olive tree yields six pounds of olives when it is three years old. At the age of fifty it yields from twenty-two to twenty-six pounds.

High Heels.

High heels, it is said, owe their origin to Persia, where they were introduced to raise the feet from the burning sands of that country.

Used to It.

He—Did it hurt much to have your ears pierced?

She—Oh, no. They have been bored so much that they didn't mind it.

A Strained Position.

The fellow who wants to hold office in quite a dilemma is found: He can't keep his nose to the grindstone And also his ear to the ground.

Wise, Oh, Wise!

She—He has a bright future before him.

He—I doubt if he ever catches up to it.

Sandwich Island Snakes.

The Sandwich Islands are almost as free from snakes as Ireland. There is but one sort and that very scarce.

Cot With My Love.

Rather a cot
With a little love
Than my name writ red
On the hills above!

Synonyms.

Scribbler—Why does Rimer always refer to a wastebasket as posterity? Scrivener—Because that's what he's writing for.

Murmurings of the Deep.

Little drops of water
In the billowy wave
Keep a man inventing
All that he can save.

Real Trouble.

First Office Boy—Were you really sick yesterday?

Second Office Boy—Sure! I was sea-sick. Went to de fishin' lunks.

One Auditor, Anyhow.

She sought the legislature,
But they wouldn't let her in;
She tried to bluff the senate,
But it hypnotized her chin;
For woman's sphere she wanted,
But it was out at night,
So now she sits and scowls
Her hubby dear at night.

Old Floors.

In studying the apparently bareless floors of some old house remember that grease and varnish can be removed from them with lye. Afterward wash the lye out well and wash over with vinegar. The stain is then applied with one or more coats of filler. Finally rub with sandpaper and wax or finish with shellac or varnish, as desired.

Proper Diet For a Year-old Baby.

Give gruels made of wheat, oatmeal or barley, all of which must be most thoroughly cooked; beef juice, and a little mutton or chicken broth from which every particle of fat has been skimmed. She may also occasionally have the juice of half an orange.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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GOOD ROADS.

An Announcement.

The movement of last summer for "Good Roads" in Central and Northern Alberta resulted in steps being taken to enable the people to bring their views upon this important subject to the notice of the Federal Government by means of petitions, supported by representatives. Measures were promptly adopted by the Chairman of the Delegation, Mr. John T. Moore, and the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. H. H. Gaetz, to give the petitions a wide circulation in the district; and instructions were also given as to the appointment of delegates. The hearty response is found in the great array of numerous signed petitions which are now in the hands of these officers; and in many other communications reciting hardship and loss—thus furnishing a volume of public opinion which should arrest the attention of the Government.

Next, is the suitable presentation of this matter to the Administration at Ottawa—having the Premier and as many of his colleagues present as possible. Owing to the Coronation duties, the King's illness, the long-deferred return of Sir Wilfred from abroad and other circumstances, there has been no occasion, thus far, where upon a delegation could have presented this vital question to a well-attended meeting of the Cabinet. The House will probably meet in February, and then will occur the desired opportunity with many favorable surroundings. Our efficient representative, Frank Oliver, M. P., will be there to prove, as usual, a host in himself; and, no doubt, he will be able to secure the co-operation of many of his fellow-members, upon whom the importance of the West is "looming up" as never before.

The duty now is to complete arrangements pertaining to the Delegation. Where appointments have not been made they should be attended to at once, and any petitions that have not been returned should be sent to Mr. H. H. Gaetz, Red Deer, Alta., without delay. The audience will probably be obtained during February. Some delegates will go East upon the Christmas excursions, good for three months, and will devote considerable time and attention to promoting this matter. To those desiring to make a visit in the East this course is both economical and convenient, involving only the payment by the Delegate himself of any excess in cost of ticket over \$40. Any who cannot spare this extra time will receive due notice of the time appointed by the Government; and will also have the benefit of the special rate of \$10, to Ottawa and return, accorded to Delegates in this behalf. Those concerned must, however, notify Mr. H. H. Gaetz, Red Deer, giving the names and addresses of their representatives and he will send the necessary credentials to get this rate. It would be a pity that any place or interest should suffer by neglecting the appointment of a Delegate upon this important subject.

Premier Haultain and Hon. A. L. Sifton recently, at Ottawa, urged upon the attention of the Minister of the Interior the rapidly increasing needs of these Territories. Hon. Clifford Sifton has discerned and declared the phenomenal career upon which the Canadian West is now embarked, and it is scarcely conceivable that he will miss the opportunity of a life-time to ensure and enhance that career. As a Western man he knows how well deserved are sympathy and support by the people who are pushing back the frontier to give widening scope to industry and progress. This movement brings its warm support to Premier Haultain and his administration of their demands for larger appropriations, and it presents also the full justification of the Minister of the Interior in conceding these demands.

Spring will witness an advancing column of tens of thousands of sturdy settlers marching into this country—a column that will soon well into hundreds of thousands as the near-by years, at last, persuade the world of the invincible

fact that this is as fine a country as greets the Sun. Rain and raffle, for both of which we hope and rejoice—soon make a sad mess of a roadway over the rich alluvial soil which is the pride and boast of Alberta, unless it has been drained and graded, in which case it makes a passable road. Owing to the magnitude of this task, it cannot be performed without the special aid of the Dominion. For this we make appeal to those who we believe, seek our welfare; and surely it will prevail. \$500,000 spent upon "Good Roads" throughout Alberta—and done promptly—would prove the most productive investment that Canada has ever made.

Clubbing Rates.

We are in a position to give our readers the advantage of the following clubbing rates:

The Ponoka Herald and	
Winnipeg Free Press, including premium pictures	\$1.75.
Winnipeg Telegram	1.75.
Nor' West Farmer and Western Home Monthly	1.75.
Farmer's Advocate	1.50.
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Edmonton Bulletin, twice-a-week	1.75.
Minneapolis Tribune, twice-a-week	1.50.
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These rates are given only to those who pay up all arrearages.

THE HERALD.

Estray.

White steer with red neck and head, white face. One year old. Has been at my place for several months past. Owner please call, pay charges and take same away.

ALBERT FAUSKEE.
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